

THE
HISTORY
OF
WHITTINGTON
AND
HIS CAT.



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THE HISTORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON.



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DICK WHITTINGTON was a poor orphan, his parents dying when he was a child. Hearing London often mentioned by his little associates, he became desirous of seeing it, expecting to find it all paved with gold.

A good old woman, who had often befriended him, persuaded him not to go; Dick took her advice, and lived entirely at her cottage till she died. Dick was again thrown upon the world without a friend, and once more turned his thoughts upon going to London. Falling in with a good-natured waggoner, he agreed

to let him sleep all night in the waggon ; so after a long and tedious journey poor Dick got safe to London. He walked about the streets till he grew so hungry, tired, and disappointed at finding nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down at a door-step, and fairly cried himself to sleep. When morning came, he was forced to beg a few halfpence to keep him from starving. A kind-hearted gentleman passing, asked him if he was willing to work ; Dick gladly said yes, and he was taken to some hay-fields, where he worked merrily. At the close of the season, poor Dick was as bad off as ever, and being nearly starved again, he sat down on the step of a large house, belonging to a rich merchant named Fitzwarren, who coming home late at night, and finding poor Dick crying ready to break his heart, asked him what was the matter : poor Dick sobbed out his misfortunes, upon which the merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, a good supper given to him, and to be kept to do any dirty work required by the cook.

• Dick could now have lived happy enough, if it had not been for the ill temper of the cook,

who was finding fault and scolding him from morning till night. Miss Alice, his master's daughter, hearing of it, told the cook she would have her turned away if she did not treat him better. The old footman was very kind to the poor boy, and sometimes gave him a halfpenny. He also bought him a little book, and taught him to read. One morning Miss Alice was going out for a walk, and Dick, who had got a good suit of clothes, was to walk behind her. As they went along, Miss Alice took out her purse to give a poor woman some money, and in so doing, dropped it. Dick quickly picked it up, and gave it her, making her a respectful bow. Another day Miss's parrot escaped, and flew into a high tree: Dick threw off his coat, and climbing the tree, soon brought the favourite to his delighted young mistress, who liked him ever after.

Dick slept in a garret so overrun with rats and mice that he could not rest. One day a visitor gave him a penny for cleaning his shoes, and next day Dick saw a girl with a cat under her arm; he offered his penny for it, which was gladly accepted, and Dick's cat



soon drove away all the rats and mice Dick's master having a ship about to sail, offered his servants a chance of good luck by sending out anything they chose to make a profit on; they accordingly all sent something. except poor Dick, who declared he possessed nothing in the world except his cat. this then his master insisted upon his sending, so the poor fellow was soon as much tormented with rats and mice as ever. The ill-tempered cook now began to use him more cruelly than ever, always making game of him for sending his cat to sea. At last poor Dick could bear this ill-usage no longer; so packing up his few things, he set out early on Allhallows day, which is the first of November; he walked



as far as Hollway, and there sat down upon a stone, and began to think what he should do. While he was thus meditating, Bow bells began to ring, and he fancied they said to him

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London :

Lord Mayor of London ! said he to himself, why I could put up with anything to be Lord Mayor of London ! Well, now I will go back. So he returned to his master's unnoticed.

The ship in due time arrived on the coast of Barbary, and the cargo was soon sold to a good account. The captain sent presents to the King of the country, who was much pleas-

ed, and invited the captain and chief mate to the palace. Here they were placed on rich sofas, with the King and Queen at the head of the table, which was covered with a grand entertainment; but scarcely had they sat down when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, and began to devour all the eatables they could find. The captain, astonished, asked the King if he was usually annoyed in that manner? Oh, yes, said his Majesty, and I would give half the riches of my kingdom to get rid of the vermin. The captain then told the King he had a creature on board that would destroy them all. The King was overjoyed at the news, and puss was immediately sent for who soon destroyed great numbers of the vermin. The King and Queen were so pleased with the actions of puss, that they gave the captain a great quantity of gold for her. Soon after the captain sailed, and arrived safe in London. Next morning he waited on Mr. Fitzwarren, attended by the sailors carrying great lumps of gold, which had been paid for the cargo, and also Dick's rich present for the cat. At this sight the merchant was much pleased; the cargo had produced more than he expect-

ed, and the adventure of the cat, and the quantity of gold sent for it, delighted the good man. Dick, (busy scouring kettles) was sent for. Mr. Fitzwarren told him of his good fortune, and wished him a long life to enjoy it. Poor Dick could scarcely believe all this, but his kind master soon convinced him. Dick, (now Mr. Whittington) made a handsome present to the captain, another to the mate, and to each of the sailors. He rewarded his good friend the footman, and gave something to each of his fellow-servants, even the ill-natured cook. When M. Whittington was dressed as became his altered fortunes, Miss Alice thought she had never seen a young man she liked so well. Mr. Fitzwarren soon perceived there was a mutual love between them, and highly approving of it, soon gave his consent to their union. Mr. Whittington now applied himself to business, and had great success. He sent out ships to the coast of Barbary, which returned laden with gold, and in a few years he became one of the richest merchants in the world. He lived in great splendour, and when elected Lord Mayor of London, the procession was more splendid than ever had



been seen before or since, and the feast was costly beyond all description.

Mr. Fitzwarren lived to see his son-in-law become the greatest man of the age, and died much beloved and regretted, surrounded by his son and daughter and their children.

Many happy years Whittington lived, universally beloved and respected. No poor person was sent from his door without relief, and his public charity was munificent. He was several times Lord Mayor, and the last time he entertained King Henry V., in a truly magnificent style, and the King was so pleased with his loyalty and goodness of heart, that he knighted him.

W. S. FORTEY, Printer, Monmouth Court, London.



